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Devoted to News, Literature, Local Intelligence and the Union.

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DAVID HALE, Editor.
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SMOKING SPIRITUALIZED.

PART I.

This Indian weed, now withered quite,
Though green at noon, cut down at night,
Shows thy decay—
All flesh is hay:
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

The pipe, so lily-like and weak,
Does thus thy mortal state bespeak;
Thou art e'en such—
Gone with a touch:
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

And when the smoke ascends on high,
Then thou behold'st the vanity
Of worldly stuff—
Gone with a puff:
Thus think and smoke tobacco.

And when the pipe grows foul within,
Think on thy soul defiled with sin;
For then the fire
It does require:
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

And e'en the ashes cast away,
Then to thyself thou mayest say
That to the dust
Return thou must;
Thus think and smoke tobacco.

PART II.

Was this small plant for thee cut down?
So was the plant of great renown,
Which Mercy sends
For nobler ends:
Thus think and smoke tobacco.

Doth juice medicinal proceed
From such a naughty foreign weed?
Then what's the power
Of Jesse's flower?
Thus think and smoke tobacco.

The promise, like the pipe, inlays,
And by the mouth of faith conveys
What virtue flows
From Sharon's rose:
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

In vain the unlighted pipe you blow—
Your pains in outward means are so,
'Till heavenly fire
Your heart inspire:
Thus think and smoke tobacco.

The smoke like burning incense towers:
So should a praying heart of yours
With ardent cries
Surmount the skies:
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

Old English Poem.

LITTLE FEET.

Up with the sun at morning,
Away to the garden he lies,
To see if the sleepy blossoms
Have begun to open their eyes.
Running a race with the wind,
With a step as light and fleet,
Under my window I hear
The patter of little feet.

This child is our "speaking picture,"
A birdling that chatters and sings,
Sometimes a sleeping cherub—
(Our other one has wings.)

His heart is a charmed oncket,
Full of all that's cunning and sweet,
And no harp-strings hold such music
As follow his twinkling feet.

When the glory of sunset opens
The highway by angels trod,
And seems to unbar the city
Whose Builder and Maker is God,
Close to the crystal portal,
I see by the gates of pearl,
The eyes of our little angel—
A twin born little girl.

And I ask to be taught and directed
To guide his footsteps aright,
So that I be accounted worthy
To walk in sandals of light,
And bear amid songs of welcome
From messengers trusty and fleet,
On the starry floor of heaven
The patter of little feet.

JOHN GROVER'S LESSON.

John Grover practiced economy as he understood it, but that is not always economy which is called so, and Grover lost many dollars by his economical habits.

He had once subscribed for a newspaper for the space of a year, but, at the end of that time, much to the regret of his wife and children, who had learned to look eagerly for its weekly visits, he decided to discontinue it.

But, Mr. Grover, responded his wife, 'it only costs two dollars a year, and I am sure it affords us that amount of pleasure.'

'That isn't the question,' said her husband; 'the main point is, whether we can do without it. I take it there's no questioning that. Now, it costs me the price of a barrel of flour every year, when the same money might be put into the bank, where it would go towards a provision for our old age.'

Her husband being now upon his hobby, Mrs. Grover knew it would do no good to remonstrate farther, so she gave up the discussion with a sigh.

The consequence may be easily imagined. The children grew up in ignorance, with very little general information, beyond what they acquired during the three months' schooling which they obtained during the year. This their father deemed sufficient for all practical purposes, not reflecting what a slender preparation it would give his children for their approaching conflict with the world.

Mr. Grover had at least the merit of being consistent and thorough-going in his economy. One day he came in from the field complaining of a headache, and feeling feverish; this increased as the day advanced.

'Let me send for the doctor, John,' she urged.

'No, it wouldn't pay,' said he feebly. 'I shall feel better by-and-by.'

But he did not feel better. Nevertheless, he strenuously refused to have the physician called, declaring that it would be useless expense.

The next day he became delirious; then his wife determined to take the responsibility of calling the physician. The doctor looked at the patient gravely, and felt his pulse.

'When was he taken?' he enquired. 'Yesterday, early in the afternoon,' was the reply.

'Why did you not call me sooner?' said the doctor.

'I wished to,' said Mrs. Grover, 'but my husband was very much opposed to it. You don't think he is seriously ill?' she said anxiously.

'He is in a high fever,' was the reply. 'If I had been called in time, a long sickness might probably have been averted. As it is, we must let the malady have its way.'

Grover was sick for six weeks, during which he required frequent visits from the physician. These were, of course, expensive, to which must be added the loss of so much time from his employment, as well as the weariness of his sickness. On the whole, he did not gain much from his mistaken economy in this case.

I believe I have not stated that Grover was a farmer by occupation. His next neighbor was quite a different man. Ephraim Fairfield took several literary papers and magazines for his family, besides his local paper. His farm was about equal in extent and value to Grover's when he took it, but, while Grover remained stationary, his improved every year.

One day as Grover passed his neighbor's farm, he saw him setting out a large number of small trees.

'What are you doing, Fairfield?' inquired he, leaning on the fence.

'Setting out trees, as you see.'

'How many have you got there?'

'Two hundred, of different kinds.'

'How much did you pay for them?'

'Fifty cents apiece.'

'That's makes a hundred dollars. You are getting very extravagant.'

'Not at all. I expect they will pay me many times over.'

Grover shrugged his shoulders.

'Perhaps they will,' said he, very doubtfully; 'but I can't afford to throw away my money on such an uncertainty. When I have a hundred dollars, I put it into the bank; and I would advise you to do the same.'

'A bank of mother earth will pay better than any of your city banks,' said Fairfield, smiling.

'A fool and his money are soon parted,' thought Grover, although he did not see fit to express his opinion.

Five years passed. The trees which had been set out grew and flourished under the generous care which was taken of them, and were now, many of them, in bearing condition. Grover could not help admitting that they very much improved the appearance of a five-acre lot, but he thought, 'I can't afford to pay so much for ornament.'

A conversation which he had with Fairfield somewhat altered his opinion.

'How much fruit do you suppose I have sold off my piece?' inquired the latter of Grover one day.

'I don't know,' said Grover. 'How much did you?'

'Three hundred dollars worth.'

'Three hundred dollars worth!' exclaimed Grover, opening his eyes.

'Yes; and next year I hope to sell four hundred. The trees are young, and of course their bearing power increases every year.'

'Three hundred dollars!' repeated Grover, bewildered.

'Yes. You know you told me when I was setting out my trees that it would be better to invest the hundred dollars in some bank. If I had it wouldn't have amounted to one hundred and fifty yet.'

Grover acknowledged that his neighbor was right.

'Then, beside,' he continued, 'my land is worth very much more. How much do you value your five-acre lot at?'

'I suppose it would fetch a hundred dollars an acre.'

'I was offered two hundred for mine yesterday.'

'You were!' exclaimed Grover, in great surprise. 'Of course you accepted it.'

'Of course not. Do you think I would sell land yielding me more in prospect, for a thousand dollars?'

Grover began to think he had been acting foolishly. His own five-acre lot was equally as good, naturally, as Fairfield's, yet the latter's would now bring double the price in the market. He decided to get some trees immediately. He did so, but could not be prevailed upon to treat the land so generously as Fairfield had done; he considered that it was money thrown away. The consequence was, his trees advanced much more slowly than his neighbors, and it took nearly double the time for them to reach the same bearing condition with the latter. Nevertheless he had taken one step in the right direction. But, wedded as he was to his peculiar notions of economy, it was impossible for him to give them up at once.

I have but one instance of his false economy to relate, for the consequences which this entailed were so serious that they opened his eyes effectually to the error of the course which he had been pursuing. One day as he was at work in his field, he saw a stranger approaching him.

'Good day,' said the latter.

Grover returned his salutation, and waited to have him unfold his business. This he proceeded to do.

'I am the agent of a fire insurance company,' he said. 'May I inquire whether your buildings are insured?'

'No,' said Grover.

'Then I would advise you to embrace

the present opportunity to secure them from the contingency of fire. The company by whom I am employed are prepared to do it on fair terms.'

'The house has stood thirty years without being burnt, and it isn't at all likely it will burn down now.'

The agent smiled. 'You might as well say,' he answered, 'that because a man has lived thirty years without dying, there is no likelihood of his dying at all.'

'How much do you charge for insurance?'

'I should judge on your buildings it would be about ten dollars a year.'

'Suppose,' said Grover, triumphantly, 'I had been paying that amount for the last thirty years; don't you see I should have lost three hundred dollars?'

'But if the house had burned down, you would have lost five times that amount.'

'But it hasn't burnt down, and I haven't paid a cent.'

'Your neighbor has had his house insured.'

'Of course; I knew he would. Fairfield is always spending for new fangled things.'

'Yet he seems to be prosperous.'

'Well, yes,' said Grover, reluctantly; 'he gets along pretty well.'

'Then you don't think you'll insure?'

'No. It would be throwing my money away.'

Within a week, Grover's house caught fire from some defect in the chimney, which contrary to his wife's advice, he didn't think worth attending to, and in a short time that and the outbuildings, which were at a little distance, were a heap of ash. Fifteen hundred dollars gone in one night!

John Grover bitterly repented that he had not insured his buildings. This last severe lesson completed his reformation. With the aid of a thousand dollars, which his neighbor Fairfield was in a situation to lend him, he put up new buildings, and from that time adopted a more liberal policy. At the end of ten years, in spite of his loss by fire, he was worth nearly twice as much as if he had adhered to his old notions of economy.

SUNSHINE.

Seclusion from sunshine (Dr Dio Lewis says) is one of the misfortunes of our civilized life. The same cause which makes potato-vines white and sickly, when grown in dark cellars, operates to produce the pale, sickly girls that are reared in our parlors. Expose either to the direct rays of the sun, and they begin to show color, health, and strength. One of the ablest lawyers in our country—a victim of long and hard brain-labor, came to me a year ago, suffering with partial paralysis. The right leg and hip were reduced in size with constant pain in the loins. He was obliged in coming up stairs to raise the left foot first on every stair, dragging the right one after it. Pale feeble, miserable, he told me he had been failing for several years, and closed with, 'My work is done. At sixty, I find myself worn out.' I directed him to lie down under a large window, and allow the sun to fall upon every part of his body; at first, ten minutes a day, increasing the time until he could expose himself to the direct rays of the sun a full hour. His habits were not essentially altered in any other particular. In six months he came running up stairs like a vigorous man of forty, and declared, with sparkling eyes, 'I have twenty years more of work in me.' I have assisted many dyspeptic, neuralgic, rheumatic, hypochondriacal people into health by the sun-cure. I have so many facts illustrating the wonderful power of the sun's direct rays in curing certain classes of invalids, that I have seriously thought of publishing a work to be denominated the "sun-cure."

The best coal in London is sold for 86 per children.

OUR SHADOWS; OR, KITTY SUMMERS.

BY ROSELLA.

'She gave me a look that nearly killed me!'

These words have been with me all night and all day to-day. Kitty Summers said them to me yesterday, while gathering a bouquet for me in her nice little garden.

It came about in this way. Among Kitty's schoolmates in her girl-days, was one girl she dearly loved—Mary Reed. But, Kitty was beautiful—soft brown eyes, hair of that shiny tint between brown and golden—a lovely complexion of clear pink and white. She was admired, flattered and sought after; the magnetism of her wondrously fair face drew after her scores of admirers, and, at nineteen, in the full ripeness and flush of her girlhood, Kitty fell and her poor name became a shame and a by-word. Alas! alas! that it must be so!

From thence their paths diverged. And now it is seventeen years since that time. Kitty is married to a poor, good, honest man, and she is a good woman, and as happy as she can be with the old grief all the time tugging at and burning in her heart, and marring all the memories of her girlhood.

Mary Reed is married to the village store-keeper; she dresses grandly, leads in all the fashions, and is envied by the environs. She was dashing past Kitty's low, viney cottage in her carriage, when, as Kitty said yesterday, she gave her a look that nearly killed her. A look! Why should she do it? No good could come of it, and oh, so much sorrow!

Poor Kitty! She was standing beside a great, leafy flowering bean vine, that shot up like a crimson flame, so full it was of pendent, swinging scarlet flowers; and she bowed her head against it and wept as she told me.

Poor Kitty! The golden shine still shined in her hair as she stood in the slanting sunbeams, the hot blood flushing her fair forehead, as she bent among the flaming flowers.

Oh, I thought as I soothed her, I had rather possess her meek, sensitive nature, clinging to everything beautiful, washed to dimness with hot tears, scarred with unkindly looks, and sneers, and scoffs, than be one of these cold worldlings, who live in fear and dread all the time of the criticisms of the Miss McFlimsys and the Mrs. Grundys, and what the outside world may say of them. He was 'a man of sorrows' once, 'and acquainted with grief.' He was meek and lowly, forgiving the outcast Muggalen, even, tenderly. He went about doing good, blessing the poor—caressing little children—what a precious example our Saviour was!

Yet we, with our lives only a span long, speak condemnatory words of our neighbors every day; we are selfish; we complain; we magnify our troubles and others' faults and shortcomings, look upon ourselves and our conduct as right and irreproachable. And—small, little stinging deed of all, we give unkind, cold, sneering or harsh looks, to those whom we do not like.

Oh, if we would be at all like Christ, we must make our natures pure and unselfish, lovely and lovable.

We think of this every day, and yet feel that we do not get one step nearer the standard high up that we look longingly upon. We must strive to be more like Him, even if we fail in the attempt. Great obstacles that loom up like mountains before us, are easier overcome than the little difficulties that lie at our feet, and trouble us every day.

It is hard to smile pleasantly when we are annoyed—hard to keep back the angry retort—and very hard to be charitable in our judgment and liberal-minded, and serene-tempered, and perfectly noble in all our thoughts and deeds.

There is much comfort and much cheer, we think, for woman, especially—for their lives are fuller of petty trials, and crosses, and wearisome annoyances, than men's—in the good old reliable words—'Greater is he that ruleth his own spirit, than he that taketh a city.'

Instill, this mother-of-pearl proverb, taen into the minds of your children, mothers; at the same time cultivate meekness, and patience, and forbearance, and a serene sweetness of temper and demeanor—mindful of the looks we give, the little tell-tale glances—the 'shadows we cast,' believing, as we do, that in sight of God and the angels, the greatest heroes are the humble, patient, forbearing, loving Christian mothers. Women unknown to the world, save in the little circle surrounding them.

We venture to say this in a tender, reverent fear, lest others, seeing with a clearer vision, may deem it sacrilege. SYLVAN DELL, O.

PULPIT WIT. The following anecdotes of preachers should go together; The hat was passed around in a certain congregation for the purpose of taking up a collection. After he made the circuit of the church it was handed to the minister, who by the way, had 'exchanged pulpits' with the regular preacher, and he found not a penny in it. He inverted the hat over the pulpit cushion and shook it that its emptiness might be known, then raising his eyes toward the ceiling he exclaimed with great fervor:—'I thank God that I got back my hat from this congregation.'

Another preacher who had been annoyed several times by finding buttons in the collection for the heathen, once admonished his congregation to take heed that the buttons they dropped into the hat were not those with flattened eyes, for said he, 'while the heathen are more deceived into the belief that they are coin, they are rendered wholly worthless as buttons.'

WOMEN STRONGER THAN OXEN. It is related of a certain New England divine who flourished not many years ago, and whose matrimonial relations are supposed not to have been of the most agreeable kind, that one Sabbath morning, while reading to his congregation the parable of the supper in which occurs this passage—'And another said, I have bought five yoke of oxen, and I go to prove them; I pray thee have me excused; and another said, I have married a wife, and therefore can not come'—he suddenly paused at the end of this verse, drew off his spectacles, and looking round on his hearers, said with emphasis: 'The fact is, my brethren, one woman can draw a man further from the kingdom of heaven than five yoke of oxen.'

THE SMALLEST NATION ON EARTH.—The montauk nation of Indians, once one of the most powerful in America, has dwindled down to five persons. Their present King is Sylvester Pharo. His subjects are Elisha, Bill, Dave, and Stephen. King Pharo does not keep a standing army, declaring that the revenues of his Empire will not admit of it.

A PATLANDER, angling in the rain, was observed to keep his line under the arch of a bridge. Upon being asked the reason, he replied: 'Sure an' won't the fishes be crowin' there to keep out ov the wet?'

The strongest man feels the influence of woman's gentlest thoughts, as the mightiest oak quivers in the softest breeze.

Teach your children early to speak the truth on all occasions. If you allow them to shuffle and deceive in small matters, they will soon do it in greater, till all reverence for truth is lost.

Dr. Franklin used to say that rich widows are the only piece of second-hand goods that sell at prime cost.

WEBSTER'S GREAT SPEECH,--HOW REPORTED.

The following account of the reporting of Webster's celebrated Union speech is of historical as well as personal value.

The proceedings of the American Congress were very imperfectly reported before the time of Mr. Joseph Gales, of the *National Intelligencer*. He was the first who made a report of the congressional debates which appeared in the papers the next day. This was considered a most astonishing feat at the time. His son, Joseph Gales, was also a reporter, and one of the best, in his day, that the country could boast. He first became connected with the *National Intelligencer*, as reporter, in October, 1807; he was then just twenty-one years old. He and the present Mr. Seaton afterwards were proprietors of the paper. They were both the reporters and editors of the *Intelligencer*—one of them devoted himself to the Senate, and the other to the House of Representatives. As a general thing, they published only running reports; on special occasions, however, the speeches and proceedings were given entire. The peculiar talents of these gentlemen were duly appreciated, and they had seats of honor assigned them beside the presiding officers.

To these enterprising and accomplished reporters we are indebted for many of those splendid specimens of eloquence which adorn the political literature of our country. The speeches made by Webster and Hayne, during their celebrated intellectual combat in the United States Senate, were preserved from oblivion by Mr. Gales, whose notes, handsomely bound, and enriched with Mr. Webster's annotations, are kept as a precious memento in the family library.

The following anecdote may perhaps be read with some interest in this connection: The day Mr. Webster made his reply to the attack of Mr. Hayne, of South Carolina, Joseph Gales met him as he was going to the Capitol, and inquired how long he intended to speak. "About half an hour," was the reply. The editor's duties at that time were pressing, but he ventured to take so much time from them. Mr. Webster, however, directly after was joined by Judge Story, who said that he thought the time had come for Mr. Webster to give the country his views on the Constitution. To this proposition the Senator assented. Mr. Gales took up his pencil unaware of this new arrangement, and alike unconscious of the lapse of time under the enchantment of the orator, he continued to write until the close of the speech. But when he came to look at the notes, the magnitude of the task that it would be to write them out appeared so formidable, that he struck from it as an impossibility. Soon after Mr. Webster called on Mr. Gales, and requested a report of his speech. "I have the notes," said the reporter, "but shall never have time to write them out." This led to some remonstrance and persuasion, but the over-worked editor stood firm. At this juncture Mrs. Gales came forward and offered to undertake the task, saying that she could decipher her husband's shorthand, as she had occasionally done so. She had heard the speech, and the resistless sweep of its argument, and the gorgeous magnificence of its imagery were yet vivid in her mind. In the course of a week Mr. Gales submitted to Mr. Webster the report of his speech in the handwriting of his wife. Surely a word needed to be changed; and soon a set of diamonds, costing a thousand dollars, accompanied the rich thanks of the eloquent statesman. Thus was saved to literature the most memorable oration of the American Senate.

Guerrillas are becoming numerous on the Mississippi river. It seems to be their intention to stop navigation entirely, or at least to produce such a fear in the minds of the people as to greatly diminish the amount of trade. They have succeeded in erecting a small battery of light pieces at Watrous Point, about twenty miles below Vicksburg. With these guns they recently fired several shots into the steamers *Wendell* and *Emerald*, doing them considerable damage. It is reported that five or six persons were killed and wounded on the *Wendell*, and a few also hit on the *Emerald*. A gunboat was on her way to shell them out.

On the night of the 23d ult., a party of rebel guerrillas made a raid near Norfolk, Va., and ran off about 100 negroes. They were pursued but not overtaken.

The new naval steamer *Sarracens*, built at Portsmouth, made an average of 17 miles an hour on her recent trip to Washington.

Capt. CAMP, formerly a secret agent of the War Department, has been lodged in the Old Capitol Prison.

It is mentioned as significant that the applause was very faint in the French Chambers when the Emperor referred to the Mexican expedition, but overwhelming when he declared the annihilation of the treaties of 1815.

Bridgton Sentinel.

BRIDGTON, Saturday, Dec. 19th, 1863.

BRIDGTON MATTERS.

When the storm of war burst upon the nation, nearly three years ago, there was a general apprehension that our people would be called to endure privation and even want in the prosecution of the great struggle which all saw had then begun. It was supposed that trade would decline, manufactures cease, education be neglected, and that all branches of business, which contribute to the comfort of a community be injuriously affected. But calmly and deliberately the loyal men of our town resolved that come what might their fortunes should be linked with those of the Republic, and when the ship of state went down to sink with her, rather than join the infamous crew of wreckers who were putting up false lights to lure the vessel to destruction, in order that they might plunder her cargo. They had heard with what heroic spirit their fathers rose in the days of old to resist the tyrannous edicts of king George, and establish their own independence, and they were conscious that they were not the degenerate offspring of worthy sires. Only in this hour of national eclipse owls and bats flitted across the sky, and many a dismal croak foreboding woe and ruin, was heard from these profligators of the right. But never were anticipations of coming evil more happily disappointed, than in the present case. Instead of embarrassment and distress, a season of prosperity has been experienced, heretofore unexampled in the history of the town. More houses have been built, more goods of all descriptions sold, more scholars are at school than ever before. Our people are better fed, lodged and clothed than formerly. The laboring man has become a true sovereign. Instead of being obliged to seek employment, he is himself sought after. The demand for everything produced among us is increased. We have one large woolen factory built and put into successful operation; since the commencement of the war, besides numerous other business houses of smaller proportion. The large amount of manufactures and trade in our town has yielded a proportional revenue to the government. Nor has the excise levied by the government, been felt as a burden by our citizens. It was said of the famous Duke of Marlborough that it was more pleasing to be denied a request by him than to have it granted by another man. The manner in which the Government taxes have been assessed during the past year illustrates this remark. Mr. L. C. Nelson, the assessor although charged with difficult and often disagreeable duties has by his urbanity and tact rendered his official calls more agreeable than the social visits of many people, and by his energy and care he has probably secured to the government, a larger amount of revenue than could have been done by any other individual.

Hereafter we mean to give some interesting statistics of town matters.

We learn that recruiting is very lively at present in town and that there is every prospect that our quota will be filled by volunteers. A large portion if not all of the money required to pay recruits the bounty offered by the town has been secured. Lieut. H. B. Cleaves started for Augusta accompanied by a number of men from this town whose names are as near as we are able to ascertain as follows: Ransom S. Stevens, John Stevens, John O. Thorn, Almon Ridlon, Robert Bissell, Nelson Lewis, Edward Davis, — Thorn, James Sawyer, and James Jordan.

Caleb A. Chaplain Esq., has opened a recruiting office, and hung out the Star spangled Banner over the store of Mr. Nathan Cleaves, he is a regularly appointed government officer, and persons wanting information on this subject may rely on his statements.

Mr. E. T. Stuart desires to say that he continues to carry on business at the old place, he has on hand a large assortment of goods, and is more extensively patronized than ever.

Considerable excitement has been produced by the capture of the *Chesapeake* steamer on the Portland and New York line, by rebels in disguise, who came on board as passengers. Attempts made to recapture her have not yet been successful.

Weekly Summary.

CONGRESS.

The House and Senate after a propitious organization have gone to work. Thaddeus Stevens, of Pennsylvania, is Chairman of the Committee of ways and means in the House. Fernando Wood has offered peace resolutions in that body, which were tabled by a majority of thirty-nine. In the Senate, Garrett Davis, of Ky., has commenced anew his agitations for the perpetuation of slave power. He was replied to with great effect, by Rev. J. Johnson of Maryland, who took high national ground. His speech is worthy of note from the fact that it shows the strong current of the border states to support the policy of the administration. Henderson of Missouri, also sides with the Union men. Several important motions have been made, but legislation has not yet assumed a definite shape.

The South-west. Movements are being made to hold an election in Louisiana, it is to be held under authority of Gen. Sibley. Banks is making good progress in Texas. He has obtained possession of Fort Esperanza which commands Matagorda bay. This it is said will give him control of central and western Texas and all important points on the east coast except Galveston.

No important movements have been made in Virginia or Tennessee. There is a rumor that Longstreet has effected a junction with Lee. Davis in his message to the rebel congress confesses disaster, but calls on the South to still continue the contest.

CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT.

We learn that the Ladies of this village and vicinity are making great and commendable efforts to give an entertainment at the Town Hall on Christmas Eve. An order of exercises is promised, which must render it attractive to the most fastidious. It will combine various features, such as Burlesques, Sketches, Music, Refreshments, Gypsy tent, Presents &c. The proceeds are to be devoted to the relief of the wounded and suffering soldiers. Here is a chance where all may enjoy themselves, and at the same time contribute to the comfort of our brave soldiers in the field. Every dollar raised in this way goes straight to its destination, through the agency of the Sanitary and other commissions, and we know from personal observation that but for the contributions of benevolent persons, the sufferings of sick and wounded men in the field, would have been much greater than they have been.

It will be seen by reference to various papers that large sums are being raised every where for this purpose, and we trust that Bridgton will not be behind in the matter.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

No Document issued from the Executive Department of the government for many years past has given such universal satisfaction as the Message of President Lincoln to the new Congress.

The position of foreign affairs is all that could be desired. No disposition is shown by European Nations to interfere in behalf of the rebels. There is every prospect that in the departments of the army, navy, and finance, during the coming year, every thing needed will be obtained without difficulty. The Nation had been looking with much eagerness to the expected message as an indication of the policy of the administration for the future, and loyal citizens will find occasion from its developments, to bless the hour when by their votes they contributed to the election to the Presidency of a man so benevolent and so upright in principle, and so unswerving in action. The policy of emancipation announced in his immortal proclamation he adheres to and reiterates. From the hour when he expressed the opinion that this Nation could not endure half slave and half free, he has moved straight forward to the grand consummation of pure democracy and universal liberty. In accordance with his general character Mr. Lincoln professes free pardon to all but the most incorrigible of the rebels. There seems to be every where a growing feeling that the man who has piloted the nation through such stormy seas with such success, cannot be spared from his present position.

A correspondent of the *Boston Traveler* on board one of the iron-clads at Charleston writes that the monitors, after a siege of five months, are now in a better and more efficient condition, in consequence of improvements, than at the commencement of active operations. The general testimony, however, is in favor of the frigates *Ironclads*, and the opinion is expressed that if several vessels of this class were at the disposal of government, less difficulty would be experienced in obtaining possession of the city.

SUPERSTITION.—The prophets of opposite creeds contest with strokes of air for a thing which the one endeavors to retain with convulsive power, and the other condemns as a mere phantom, while denying everything which can not be comprehended by the outward senses; so that, in fact, superstition may be nearer to God and truth than unbelief. —*Ennemoser's History of Magic.*

MARRYING OLD MEN.—Wycherley, when dying, had his young wife brought to his bedside, and having taken her hand in a very solemn manner, said, he had but one request to make of her, and that was, that she would never marry an old man again.

NOTES FROM WASHINGTON.

The speedy and auspicious organization of the House of Representatives is worthy to be added to the list of our national successes, during the year now drawing to a close. Those who recollect the desperate struggles of the 34th and 35th congresses, when for weeks and even for months the House remained grappled in a dead lock, could hardly look forward to the meeting of the present House without some little anxiety. In the old and evil days the friends of human rights were never able to command more votes and often failed to get so many as they felt themselves entitled to expect. Every thing gained in the interest of freedom was gained against overwhelming odds. Now the sweep and current of events sets in the opposite direction. Every vote not sure for slavery is so for liberty. Every heart not black with treason is coming to beat more and more warmly for the good and right course.

In electing Mr. Colfax to the Speakership they have acted advisedly, during the long and arduous debates upon the Tax Bill two years ago he presided as Chairman of the Committee of the whole with marked ability. He has intimate knowledge of the rules and orders of the body over which he is called to preside, his readiness, coolness, and good nature fit him well for his laborious and perplexing duties. More than all, his whole heart is with the country in this hour of its peril and regeneration, and in his high position he will be able to render it invaluable services.

In the Senate few if any important changes are anticipated, Messrs. Fessenden, Sumner, Wilson, and Hale can hardly be spared from the chairs of their respective Committees on finance, foreign, military and naval affairs. Times are changed since the infamous David R. Atchison, disgracing with his presence the chair of the American Senate assigned as a reason for denying to Chase and Sumner a place on any Committee, that they were "outside the sphere of any healthy political influence."

I recently paid a visit to the new steam gun boat *Utah*, a fine sample of the class to which she belongs. She is commanded by Capt. Blake, and is destined for the blockade of Charleston but has been detained for some time at the Navy-yard making some experiments under the direction of the Sec'y of the Navy. Very moderate in size, running to a point both fore and aft, carrying all her guns on the upper and only deck, with but few spars, relying more on her "web feet" than her wings, she contrasts oddly enough at almost all points with the huge battle ships of the last century, from whose towering sides frowned in successive tiers, from seventy-four to a hundred and twenty guns, above whose lofty deck rose a mighty cloud of canvas, not to be properly worked and fought by less than a thousand men. Indeed she is very little like the more modern war ships, such as the *Niagara*, *Minnesota*, or even the *Pensacola*. Her armament consists of twelve guns. Two of them, one placed forward and the other aft upon pivots, are one hundred pound Parrotts. The others are smaller but still of formidable calibre. Capt. Blake is the same officer it will be remembered, who fought the Alabama off Galveston Bay until his own vessel, the *Hatteras* was sunk. "I worked my guns," said the gallant Capt., "as lively as they could be made to bear. When my ship was so far down in the water that I knew nothing could be got out of her I sent my men on board the Alabama and followed them myself. I left the *Hatteras* just eight minutes before she went down. I remained nine days on the Alabama and was treated with kindness and consideration."

I saw a splendid sword presented to him for his gallantry on this occasion.

The duty of society to educate even the humblest of its members is beginning to be dimly discerned here through the gross prejudices engendered by so many years of slavery. From time immemorial under the sway of that slave code thought by some to be so benign and christianizing in its influence, the colored people of this city have been taxed to support the white schools from which their own children have been excluded by custom, and I believe by law. They have however through excluded from the more desirable and remunerative employments and already burdened with taxes for the education of white children, maintained among themselves such schools as they could, and so preserved their offspring from utter ignorance. Two or three weeks since a free school for colored children was opened in the E street Chapel the first with one exception ever established in this city.

T. S. P.

The Burnside Rifle Company at Providence, R. I., now furnish the government one hundred cavalry rifles a day, and by January 1st will turn out one hundred and fifty a day. In the same establishment forty thousand cartridges a day are manufactured.

FROM THE THIRTEENTH REGIMENT RIFLES, MASS. VOL.

In Camp, near KELLY FORD, Va., }
December 7th, 1863.

Dear F.— In my last letter I mentioned that I supposed it would be necessary, in order to satisfy the Press and Public, for the "Army of the Potomac," before going into winter quarters, to offer battle to the rebel army on our front, — whether we gained anything by it or not — so we broke camp Nov. 24th, at Warrenton Junction and marched to near Rappahannock Station, where we laid till the morning of the 26th, when we crossed the Rappahannock River and marched all day, going into camp for the night about a mile south of the Rapidan, we crossed this river at Calpoper Ford I believe; the weather was pleasant during the day—this is the first time our Regt. ever crossed the Rapidan, although you will recollect we have been very near it several times. The next day, Nov. 28th, we marched about 12 miles, part of the way on the Gordonsville plank road,—halted just before dark and cooked our supper, supposing we were to remain here all night—but were disappointed, as we were soon ordered to fall in:—we marched through a kind of cart path, that struck off to a pike road some three miles from the plank road: we moved very slowly till midnight, when we laid down for the rest of the night. Started bright and early in the morning and marched about two miles, when we came in view of the rebel fortifications, at a place called *Mill Run*,—the rebels were plainly to be seen occupying a position that rivalled the famous heights of Fredericksburg; the army was now drawn up in line of battle, and we were sent out on picket—it rained about all day; we were called in soon after dark and laid a little back of the skirmish line that night—the next morning Saturday, Nov. 30th, the battle with artillery begun,—the N. Y. Herald gives a good account of the fight. I will make a brief extract from it: remarking that our Regiment is in the First Corps under Gen. Newton:

"At eight o'clock the attack opened on the right. The booming of cannon in that direction was answered at other points along the line until every gun down to the left of Gen. French's position was engaged. When the attack begun the enemy was plainly visible on the opposite elevations, working like beavers, prospecting and extending their position. But the missiles thrown from about two hundred cannon, bursting in their midst, ploughing up the ground about them, tearing down the breastworks they were throwing up, killing or wounded their comrades, worked a general demoralization in their ranks; many of them could be seen flying to the woods in the rear of their position, while others crouched close to the ground behind their works. While watching the effect of this terrible cannonading, I was suddenly and greatly aroused by the stampeding of the rebel skirmish lines, which had occupied a position immediately opposite ours, on the west bank of the stream. The cause was soon apparent, as our skirmishers, in double line, emerged from the thicket in the bottom, and steadily moved up the opposite slope in pursuit of the flying rebels; the skirmishers boldly pressed forward and were soon in undisputed possession of the enemy's first line of rifle pits. Gen. Newton also advanced the skirmishers of the First Corps, and occupied some of the enemy's works in the vicinity of the turnpike. Here a ghastly sight met his brave troops; a score of rebels were found in their works, stiff in death, having perished with cold during the preceding night.

"Whenever we advanced the rebels gave away. But, unfortunately, our advances were only on the centre of the front, and, with the enemy securely lodged on either flank, the positions we gained were untenable. And the attacks were not made on the flanks.

"The right and centre of the line had been engaged for more than an hour with most gratifying results, demonstrating our ability to dislodge the enemy in those positions when an order was received from headquarters announcing that the attack on the left would not be made. Why did not appear. Everywhere that the attack had been made it had been eminently successful. Sedgwick had not advanced, but was preparing to do so; Birney and Newton were in possession of the rebel outworks. But with the information now received it became necessary to withdraw, which was safely accomplished, and so ended the grand assault."

We now buckled on our knapsacks again—and moved about a quarter of a mile to the left—where we laid the remainder of the day and night. There were only a few wounded in our brigade,—no loss in our Regiment. I do not know the whole loss in the different Corps, but think it was about 600 men, killed, wounded, and prisoners.

Tuesday morning, Dec. 3d, we moved back to the position we occupied the day before; halted there till near night, when we marched back to within half a

mile of Germania Ford; crossed at the Ford the next morning and marched to within a few miles of this place—the next day came to our present camp ground. We are now quartered in the huts that the rebels were recently driven from.

There are only eight of the boys in Company A now remaining that were in the Company at the battle of Gettysburg; we mess together, and occupy a good hut, it has a fireplace, and floor made of logs. I should like to live here all winter, but am afraid there is no such good luck in store for us. I think we shall winter on the north side of the Rappahannock.

I have not received my box yet, the last movement deranged all our plans for it. Thank giving—as soon as we become fixed to one spot for a week or so I shall endeavor to hunt up the box.

But I must close. W. H. F.

A curious accident occurred on the Central Railroad near Oriskany, New York, on Thursday afternoon. The boiler of the locomotive exploded while the train (a freight one) was under full headway. It was thrown some fifty rods from the track into an adjacent field, destroying fences, &c., in its course. The fragments of the locomotive flew in every direction, severely wounding the fireman, conductor and one or two others. The accident is considered one of the most remarkable on record.

A convention of cheese-manufacturers is to be held at Rome, in this state, on the 6th of January next. Four principal subjects are to be discussed. First, the propriety of forming a state association; second, securing legislation for the prevention and punishment of adulteration of milk; third, establishing a selling and exporting agency in New York; fourth, the manufacture of cheese especially during the past season.

ELOPEMENT.—John Keehan, a boot and shoe maker, living in Norwich, Ct. eloped a few days since with Mrs. Ringrose, a war widow, and a neighbor of his. She left three children behind her. On the morning of the departure of the train Mr. Ringrose arrived home from his regiment. He came to late.

A son of James Stevens of Andover was wounded last week, while gunning. Carrying his gun carelessly it tipped his shoulder, and the charge went in his heel as it was lifted in walking. —*Orford Democrat.*

A bill has been introduced into the Missouri legislature to sell out the Pacific Railroad to John C. Fremont and others for seven million dollars, payable in state bonds. It was passed to the first reading in the senate, by a vote of thirteen nine. The patriots are to be required to give bonds to complete the road to Kansas City in eighteen months.

Thimbles (from thumb, on which finger probably they at first were worn), Dutch invention. The art of making them was brought to England by John Lofting, a mechanic from Holland, who set up a workshop at Islington, London, and practiced the manufacture with profit and success about 1695.

The Spanish Cortes opened on the 3d. The Queen's speech says that the project of constitutional reform has been definitely resolved upon; that no diminution will be made in the budget.

The greater part of the camphor which comes to Europe and America is from Japan and China.—It grows abundantly, however, in Borneo and Sumatra. The celebrated French chemist, Baspail, proposes it as a panacea.

A countrywoman of Jenny Lind, whose name Mademoiselle Enequist, has made her appearance at a few London concert where she was pronounced equal to Jenny.

Deaths.

In this town, Dec. 12th, Annie Florence, only daughter of Charles K. and Mary Riley, aged 10 months and 16 days.

In this town, Dec. 10th, Mary Ann Miller, aged 25 years 9 mos., only daughter of Wm. and Lydia Miller. The deceased had been a great sufferer for years, her disease being of a very peculiar nature, it had the skill of several physicians. Not having the use of her limbs, she was deprived of usually enjoy most, at which she was not heard to murmur, but seemed to be content with her lot and even cheerful. Her greatest enjoyments were the love she bore her mother, and that of living a life of innocence and purity, beautiful to behold. She was a reward in the Hereafter for her short life on earth, in the wish of her friends.

Portland papers please copy.

JOHN H. KIMBALL, M. D.,
Surgeon & Physician
BRIDGTON, MAINE.

Dentistry
DR. HASSELL,

Will be found in Bridgton, during months of Feb., May, Aug., and Nov.

AMSON RUSSELL, Deputy Sheriff of Cumberland and Oxford Counties.

HOPKINSON & PERLEY, Sash & Blinds Manufacturers. Jobbing attended to.

